

## THE MARBLE HILL PRESS

J. S. HILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL - MISSOURI

Being killed by electricity is a shocking way to die.

Nobody ever goes to hades—according to the tombstone.

Cripple Creek may turn out to be a town with streets paved with gold.

The hit of Herr Altwardt's first lecture was made by a prehistoric egg.

An oil-borer near Gallipolis, Ohio, is down 2,010 feet and is still living on hope.

The man who begins by drinking some time may end by having to drink all the time.

No man can grind down another without first placing his own soul under the millstone.

When a man gets up early in the morning to drink, he is apt to drink the day in doing nothing else.

It now transpires that nearly all the diseases that have been granted in Oklahoma are not binding. Isn't that awful?

General Russel A. Alger has engaged twenty-two rooms in St. Louis during convention week. What's the matter with Alger?

W. S. Stratton the Cripple Creek bonanza king, was a "poor carpenter" four years ago, and probably is not a good carpenter yet.

Says the San Francisco Wave: "Chicago has not a single great preacher." Well, that's all right; a great preacher ought not to be single, anyway.

Buffalo offers \$50 for "the best suggestion for a municipal flag." What's the matter with the stars and stripes? Please send along that remittance.

Says the Boston Traveler: "Rev. Dr. Gumbart of this city defends hell." Well, it needs some sort of defense; a great many people speak disparagingly of it.

What do you suppose E. W. Clark of Nevada, Mo., got, who sued Caroline Simmons for \$50,000 for breach of promise? Got left, and the jury was out only ten minutes.

Another heiress has gone. This time it is Clara Busch, daughter of a millionaire St. Louis brewer, while the lucky man is Baron von Gontard. There are still a few more left.

Says a squeamish Minnesota paper, speaking of the Hayward case: "Hanging is a terrible thing." It is, it is, that's why we advise all our friends to eschew murdering entirely.

Mark Twain is to receive \$10,000 for his lecture course in England. This, together with the great popular subscription started in his behalf by a Cincinnati paper, will give him \$10,016.48.

A New York inventor has been sent to the asylum as the result of "studying over a bottle which cannot be refilled." A great many men have gone there through studying bottles which have been filled too often.

The Louisville base ball club announces that it has signed "the poet, Henry Coolidge Semple, as a pitcher" for next season. We marvel that the poet Stephen Crane was not chosen instead; no one ever would have been able to get onto his curves.

The cable brings the interesting information that a "Miss Viola" of London is coming over to this country "to try going over Niagara Falls." We think she will experience little difficulty in going over the falls if she tries hard enough, but we advise her to court undying fame by engaging in a pie-eating contest in New York.

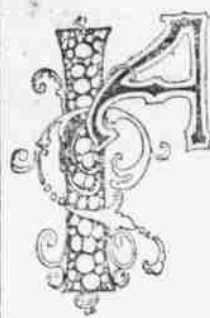
Red Bank, N. J., authorities are trying to suppress swearing on the public streets. Last week Grover Reeves was arraigned before Justice Childs and fined \$3.50 for having used seven bad words on the street. This is the second case of the kind that has occurred in a few weeks. All who wish to swear on the public highway may do so, provided there is no objection to paying for each "cuss" at the rate of 50 cents a word.

A dispatch from Cincinnati announces that a new directory for the Commercial Gazette has been chosen, at the head of which is A. Howard Hinkle. The further announcement is made that "Mr. Hinkle is president of the Ashland Iron and Steel company, a director in the First National Bank, the American Book Company, the United States Printing Company, the John Church Company, the Cincinnati Gas Light and Coke Company, the Everett Piano Company and other companies." The Commercial Gazette is one of the strongest and ablest papers in the west, but we doubt whether it can stagger along under such an embarrassment of riches very long.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



**BULLETIN OF** the Indiana Experimental Station says: The smut in corn differs in several important particulars from the common smuts of the smaller cereals, wheat, oats, rye and barley. In no respect is the difference more marked than in its mode of attacking the plant, and in this fact the valuable hints to the cultivator. It has been assumed that because the smut of wheat and oats can be prevented by immersing the seed in hot water or a solution of some fungicide, the same method is applicable to corn. But it is not true and for the reason that the method by which the corn smut attacks the plant is very unlike that of most of the other cereal smuts. It has been found out at the Indiana Experiment Station that the smut does not attack the plant through the seed, but like wheat rust it starts in the leaves and stems, wherever the spores are carried by the wind and find lodgment and sufficient moisture to enable them to germinate. The spores will grow as soon as they find a place as soon as the mass containing them turns black, and they will also retain their vitality for a year or two in case conditions for growth are not favorable. It is evident from this that neither the time of planting nor the previous condition or treatment of the seed will have any effect upon the amount of smut in the crop; and experiments already carried out substantiate this deduction. It is equally evident that meteorological conditions will have decided influence. But the farmer cannot control the weather.

Two things can be done to decrease smut in corn. The growing crop can be sprayed with a suitable fungicide and the entrance of the smut into the plant prevented. That this can be made effective is shown by the experiments of the Indiana station. But it is an expensive and troublesome method. The other, more convenient but less thorough method, is to gather and destroy the smut, and thus eventually rid the fields of it.

The best time to gather the smut is just before the ears silk, when the fields should all be gone through and every sign of smut removed, being careful not to scatter it upon the ground, or in any way let the spores get free. The gatherings must be burned or deeply buried to certainly destroy the smut. One or more later gatherings should also be made. This may be called clean culture, and if persisted in for a few years would reduce the annual production of smut to an inconspicuous and harmless amount. J. C. Arthur, Botanist.

**Growing Cucumbers.** Some of our neighbors have been growing cucumbers in a new way for the last year or two, and as their success with them has been so wonderful, I will give their way for the benefit of others. A spot about four feet square is first spaded up and well manured; a half barrel with the head knocked out is then set in the middle of the spot, not pushed down into the soil, but simply resting on the surface. The barrel is filled nearly full of well rotted manure. The loose earth is drawn up slightly all around the edge of the barrel and the seed is planted there in the ground. Every day a pailful or two of water is poured into the barrel, and it soaks slowly through the manure until it reaches the soil where the seeds are. The surface being hollowed allows the water to reach the roots of the cucumber more readily, and the manure in the water makes them grow so fast that the striped squash bugs have little effect on them.—Bernice Baker, in Vick's Magazine.

**Soil Protection in Winter**—One material is always at hand in protecting garden plants in winter—that is, the soil. And it is one of the best materials, and for very many plants all that is needed. It can be drawn up around them, and over them, if needed, and thus secure them against injury. The ground often freezes two feet deep in our northern climates, and thus must at the same time freeze the roots of many plants, but as they thaw slowly and gradually, on account of the surrounding soil, they remain uninjured. Use the soil for protection wherever it can be employed to advantage.—Ex.

**Sheep Manure**—Sheep manure if properly managed stands next to poultry manure in value as a fertilizer, hence it is quite an item to supply plenty of bedding in order to secure as much as possible. In supplying bedding not only is more and better manure secured, but the sheep are made more comfortable.—Ex.

**When Planting an Orchard.** Dig the holes the proper depth and level at the bottom, and large enough that the roots may be straightened to their full length by the hand. The roots should lie equally divided as near as can be done. The proper placing of the roots has much to do with the growth and beauty of the tree. If the roots are thrust into the ground cramped, crooked, and without proper care, the trees will grow in like manner, stunted, crooked and misshapen. When the trees are placed in the hole, the roots properly divided and straightened, a little fine earth should be shaken over the roots, the tree slightly raised so as to give the roots a natural descent. The tree-top should incline to the west several inches, the hole to be filled with fine earth and firmly pressed, so as to hold the tree in its proper place. The prevailing west winds will soon bring the tree up to a perpendicular position, for if you will take the trouble to examine the orchards around you, you will find nearly all the trees leaning to the east. This is caused by the strong west winds. The ground is prepared, the trees selected and planted, but your work is not finished; care must be taken of the trees and ground. The tree tops should be well formed by proper pruning. The branches from the trunk should be at or as near equal distances apart as it is possible to have them, and three main branches or limbs are quite enough to form a beautiful head or top; if this is done after pruning, no large branches will require to be cut or removed from the trunk; without this precaution at first pruning and forming the top it is often necessary to remove large limbs from the trunks, thereby causing a gradual decay and finally destroying the tree. The ground should be well cultivated and kept in good heart, and may be profitably cropped for several years with potatoes, turnips, mangolds, carrots, cabbages or any other root crops.—Win. Gray.

**The Acids of Fruits.** The grateful acid of the rhubarb leaf arises from the malic acid and binoxalate of potash which it contains; the acidity of the lemon, orange, and other species of the genus Citrus, is caused by the abundance of citric acid which their juice contains; that of the cherry, plum, apple, and pear from the malic acid in their pulp; that of gooseberries and currants, black, red and white, from a mixture of malic and citric acids; that of the grape from a mixture of malic and tartaric acids; that of the mango from citric acid and a very fugitive essential oil; that of the tamarind from a mixture of citric, malic, and tartaric acids; the flavor of asparagus from aspartic acid, found also in the root of the marshmallow, and that of the cucumber from a peculiar poisonous ingredient called fungin, which is found in all fungi, and is the cause of the cucumber being offensive to some stomachs. It will be observed that rhubarb is the only fruit which contains binoxalate of potash in conjunction with an acid. Beet root owes its nutritious quality to about 9 per cent of sugar which it contains, and its flavor is a peculiar substance containing nitrogen mixed with peptic acid. The carrot owes its coloring powers also to sugar, and its flavor to a peculiar fatty oil; the horseradish derives its flavor and blistering power from a volatile acid oil. The Jerusalem artichoke contains 14½ per cent of sugar, and 3 per cent of inulin (a variety of starch), besides gum and a peculiar substance to which its flavor is owing; and, lastly, garlic and the rest of the onion family derive their peculiar odor from a yellowish, volatile acid oil, but they are nutritious from containing nearly half their weight of gummy and glutinous substances not yet clearly defined.—G. W. Johnson, in the Chemistry of the World.

**California Versus Missouri Fruits.** A leading grocer advertises California peaches, California lemon cling peaches, California White Heath peaches, California Bartlett pears, and even California corn, tomatoes, oysters, etc. It seems absurd that Missouri should use such vast supplies from California, not only peach, pear, cherry, but even tomatoes and corn, and the same is true of Illinois and other states. These fruits and vegetables are produced in California on costly land, with high priced labor, enormous freights crossing the mountains, and yet it pays them. Why not Ozark peaches and pears, adding Missouri or Arkansas, as the case may be, and why not Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee corn and tomatoes, as well as fruits. People of the Ozarks, Colorado and New Mexico are beginning to wake up, and soon California will cease gathering all the cream. We admire their enterprise but we want to see more of it in every state. People everywhere should grow more fruits and not depend upon disposing of it in the green state; have canning factories, make jelly, preserves, etc. Look what a great industry preserving of fruits in England.—Stark Bros. Bulletin.

**Yeast**—Do you give your dog any exercise? Crimsonbeak—Oh, yes; he goes for a tramp nearly every day.—Yonkers Statesman.

## OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

SOME GOOD JOKELETS FOR OUR LEAN READERS.

The Condition That Confronted Yankee Doodle—Pat's Ups and Downs—They Never Speak—Against the Law—Some Sharp Points.



Yankee Doodle went to town Upon his little pony; He tried to get an office, but 'Twas got by Mick Maloney. Yankee Doodle entered trader; That was filled by Blymer. Einstein, Isaacs, Abrahams, Schaub, Moos and Oppenheimer.

Yankee thought with pick and spade To earn his daily sago. Alas! that job was filled by Giovanni Pietro Dago.

By shoveling ore upon the dump He sought to keep his house. He discovered that that work was done By Wycleh Szostakowsky.

'Humph! Some heiress I must wed, Aged and uncomely;' That doubtful prize was carried off By Bertie Cum-Nothing Cholmondeley.

Yankee Doodle rode back home, Cast down, to be a farmer; But all the farms were owned by Ludwig Schuler and Von Yarmor.

All the Same. "Have you any frounces?" asked Tony Pippin, with an abstracted air, as he inserted his legs under a table in one of those quick dispatch restaurants in Park Row.

The fluffy-haired waitress glanced down at her plain black skirts, blushed laboriously, and said:

"What was that you wanted?"

"Frounces." "How'll you have 'em—baked, boiled, shirred or blas?" the girl responded, facetiously. She thought Mr. Pippin was given to repartee.

"I want them fried with bacon," Tony responded, with some severity.

"Will you take my order?"

"Yes, if you call for anything on the bill. This ain't no Chinese laundry."

Struck by a sudden fear, Mr. Pippin grabbed the thumb-painted menu, scanned the oyster list for a moment, and then said meekly:

"I made a mistake. It's scallops I want."—New York Journal.

Music in the Family.

"Henry," said old Mr. Bowersock, solemnly, "have you read this piece in the paper?"

"I have not, father," answered Henry, truthfully.

For he was an amateur musician.

"Oh, you never saw anybody who was more so."

"It is a piece," pursued old Mr. Bowersock, gloomily, "about a New Hampshire man who played the violin."

"And what—what happened to him, father?" faltered Henry.

He knew instinctively that it must be something.

"The other day while playing on his fiddle," said Mr. Bowersock, sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, "he suddenly struck a loud discord and fell over—dead."

"Yes—es, father," stammered Henry, taking his aching heart in his hand and passing out under the silent stars with it.—New York Recorder.

Willing to Try.

Old Gent—So you want to marry my daughter, eh?

Prospective Suitor—Yes, sir.

Old Gent—Do you think that you can keep her in the same shape that I have?

Suitor—Well, from what I have seen of it in her bathing suit, opera gown and bicycling bloomers, I admit it's worth my while making the effort.—New York World.

Pat's Ups and Downs.

Mike—"Well, Pat, how is th' world treating you?"

Pat—"Well, Oi have my ups and downs."

Good Company.

Doughhead—Your cane is good company when you're walking alone, I suppose.

Jazley—Yes, and when I'm walking with you, too.—Roxbury Gazette.

Providing for the Future.

Mrs. De Brush—What a peculiar portiere! What is it made of?

Attendant—That is made of fine Japanese rice strung on strings. Only \$1.

Mr. De Brush—Better buy that Louisa; when the exchequer gets low we can make soup of the portiere.—Mercure.

Food for Thought.

He pressed a mad kiss upon her lips. "How can you?" she exclaimed.

"Ah, love is blind," he answered.

And, when, four hours later, he took his departure, she was still thinking.—Detroit Tribune.

## A Midway Diplomat.

"Great exposition," said the Shabby Man to the gentleman with the gold eyeglasses.

"Yes."

"Be a prime factor in the development of the South."

"Yes."

"Attract foreign capital."

"Yes."

"Great assistance in the work of immigration."

"Yes."

"My friend," said the Shabby Man, "there only seems to be one word in your vocabulary, but it is a word I like extremely. And now I am going to put it to the test; I have not eaten a mouthful in three days. Could you lend me a quarter?"

"Yes."

And the Shabby Man pocketed the silver and was lost in the crowd.—Atlanta Constitution.

## Realistic Illustrations.

She, the sweet girl graduate, was sitting by the seashore, unconscious of all this living world, totally absorbed in a thrilling love story. It was an elegantly bound and profusely illustrated volume.

He, the rising young artist, stole softly up behind her, wholly unobserved.

"O, how aggravating!" she exclaimed; "the heroine just kissed by the hero, and no illustration!"—A slight straggle followed, and now the unadorned fifty cent love series are quite good enough for her.—Truth.

## They Never Speak.

Bell—"Today is my birthday. I've seen but eighteen winters."

Nell—"You ought to consult an oculist."

## A Commotion.

There was considerable commotion in the carpenter shop. Voices were being raised angrily.

"You're a screw!"

"You're a bore!"

"Ain't he lame?"

"Think I'll reduce myself to your level!"

"Well, act on the square then!"

"Oh, go and read adze!"

At that moment the hammer hit the nail on the head, which so amused the foot rule that it doubled up.—New York Recorder.

## It's Against the Law.

Mr. Fort Greene—Where are you off to now?

Mr. Cheatem—I'm going down to business.

"Why, this is Sunday."

"I know it."

"And you're a broker?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, don't you know there is a law against shaving people on Sunday?"—Yonkers Statesman.

## Dishonest Politicians.

"Is it really true," said the boy, "that politicians are sometimes not strictly honest?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, sadly; "I am sorry to say that it is. I have known politicians who got votes years ago and have not paid for them yet."—Washington Star.

## His Nerve.

Tramp—Kind lady, do I seek in vain? I'm hungry as a bear—

Lady—Why, sakes alive! You here again? I gave you food, I'd swear.

Tramp—Swear not at all, for I agree with every word you speak, but that was breakfast, don't you see? It's dinner now I seek.—New York World.

## A Marked Man.

"There goes a man who has a great pull," said the drummer.

"Ah!" answered the visitor to town with heightened interest; "one of your local politicians, probably?"

"No," the drummer replied, with a drummer's rigid adherence to truth, "he's a barber."—New York Recorder.